

Licking Valley Courier.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Published for the People Now on Earth and Printed for Them Every Thursday.

Always Cash in Advance.

VOLUME 12, NO. 13.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1921.

WHOLE NUMBER 385.

TWO PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

We have made an arrangement with the publishers of the Southern Agriculturist by which we can give to each new subscriber to the Courier both papers for the price of one—\$1.50.

The Southern Agriculturist is one of the best farm papers in the south and should be in the home of every farmer in Morgan county.

This offer will expire November 12. We have only secured a limited number of Southern Agriculturist subscriptions and when they are exhausted we will have to withdraw the offer.

The week beginning November 7 and ending November 12 is the "Home Town Paper Week," and during that week we are making this offer: To every new subscriber or renewal during that week we will give the Southern Agriculturist free for one year.

To those of our readers who desire to get up a club we will give the club raiser 25 cents on each subscription secured that week. A club is two or more subscribers. This is not a clubbing offer with the Southern Agriculturist. We have bought a number of subscriptions to the above paper and are giving them free with the Courier.

We want to make a big increase in our own subscription list and make this special offer for the one week only, though you may send in the subscriptions before that time and have them credited and the subscribers will begin to receive both papers immediately.

We will appreciate it if our readers will tell their neighbors who are not subscribers of this offer and aid us to get them as subscribers. If you want to get up a club, go to work and give the two papers for one year for \$1.50 and retain 25 cents of each subscription when you get up a club.

The School Fair.

The School Fair here on last Saturday was pronounced a success. The exhibits exceeded the expectation of the managers and the quality of the exhibits was a revelation to many who attended. Almost every species of the products of the farm was here and the exhibits show that just as good corn, wheat and other farm products as can be produced elsewhere can be produced in Morgan county.

(The live stock exhibits, too, were a surprise to most who attended, some very fine stock being exhibited.)

A large crowd from practically every section of the county was present and all pronounced the fair a success.

Winners of First Prizes.

Crochet Work.....Mrs. B. F. Carter
Can of corn.....Mrs. L. Y. Redwine
Glass jelly.....Miss Josephine McGuire
Can of beans.....Mrs. L. B. Reed
Pint jar molasses.....J. B. Wells
Dessert cake.....Mrs. Ida Nickell
Corn muffins.....Mary E. Lykins
Biscuits.....Mrs. W. W. Cartmell
Five ears white corn.....L. B. Reed
Five ears yellow corn.....Alex Whiteaker
Half gallon wheat.....J. B. Wells
Ten Irish potatoes.....Lucien Reed
Five tomatoes.....Lenora Reed
Can of tomatoes.....Mrs. Ida Nickell
Three beets.....Mrs. L. Y. Redwine
Three onions.....Mrs. T. H. McClure
Pumpkin.....Pritchard Caskey
Cabbage.....Hannah McClain
Map of Kentucky.....Elmer Howard
Map of United States.....Elmer Howard
Arithmetic battle.....Mae Cecil Carter
Spelling contest.....Mae Cecil Carter
Mae Cecil Carter and Myrtle Henry
200 yd. dash, boys under 12.....Asa Pieratt
100 yd. dash, girls under 12.....Golden Gros
200 yd. dash, boys over 12.....Lorenzo Barker
100 yd. dash, girls over 12.....Molly
McClain
Running broad jump.....Alonzo Barker
Running high jump.....Glen McClain
Barred Plymouth hen.....W. H. Wells
White Leghorn hen.....Ezra Wells
Ancona hen.....Edward Keeton
Wyandotte hen.....Marjorie McKenzie
Dairy cow.....Clifford Nickell
Belt cow.....Jas. Franklin
Saddle horse.....Henry Cole
Span mules in wagon.....W. A. Caskey
Span horses in wagon.....W. W. Cartmell
Finest automobile.....Chas. D. Arnett
Finest decorated automobile.....Jas. P. Oney

Schreider-Oakley.

We are in receipt of the following announcement:
Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Oakley announce the marriage of their daughter
Martha
to
Dr. Fred C. Schreider
on Wednesday, October fifth
nineteen hundred twenty-one
West Liberty, Kentucky
At Home
after October fifteenth
244 E. Chestnut st.
Louisville, Ky.
The marriage ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, and was conducted by Dr. Daniel Baldwin in his usual impressive manner. The bride was dressed in a dark blue traveling suit and wore a beautiful corsage of white carnations. Only the immediate relatives of the parties were present. The ceremony took place at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning and the young couple immediately left for a trip to the east.
The groom is a young dentist recently graduated from the Louisville College of Dentistry and is a young man of fine character and comes well recommended. His father is a prominent architect of Connecticut.
The bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Oakley, of this place. As the only daughter she was given the best of educational opportunities and graduated in the high school here and also was a graduate in music and a very talented musician. Of a kind and generous disposition she was universally admired and respected by all who knew her.
The marriage is the culmination of a pretty romance which had its beginning while both were students in the University at Louisville.
The Courier joins their host of friends in wishing them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

One Day Late This Week.

The Courier is one day late this week. We had just installed a new natural gas burner with a thermostat and were doing fine until the change in the temperature. Tuesday morning there was not enough gas to heat the metal pot and we had to replace the gasoline burner. Maybe some time in the future we will have gas enough to use in frosty weather, but not now.

Good Farm for Sale.

Good farm, two miles from West Liberty, 164 acres, two good dwelling houses, orchard, about 6 acres bottom land, hill land lays well. Will sell at a bargain if disposed of at once.

L. T. HOVERMALE,

U. K. R. E. A.

(By Mrs. Nancy Turner.)

It was Wednesday just at noontide. And the sparkling raindrops fell. When my fellow teachers joined me On the porch of Cole's Hotel. The truck outside was waiting To start us on the way To Whitesburg—little village— To the "U. K. R. E. A." With a touch of lingering sadness We bade our friends adieu And started to old "Letcher" To spend a day or two. You should have seen us later In the coach of O. & K.— The Morgan county teachers Upon their journey's way. Just as the shades of evening In beautiful splendor fell, The train pulled into Jackson. Soon we found a good hotel. Known as the "Hotel Jefferson." 'Twas heaven there to be— The proprietors were Morgan folk From old "West Liberty." We spent the night, but when the dawn Of morning softly broke At four o'clock we started on With laughter and with joke. We traveled on for seven hours. With eager eyes we scanned The scenery all along the way— The work of nature's hand. The swinging bridges here and there. The beauty of the hills, Kentucky river's gorgeous scene, Our heart withapture thrills. At eleven o'clock the whistle blew For Letcher's County Seat. And though we wished to see the town We also wished to eat. When we had eaten dinner We chose to spend our way Up to the village school house To the U. K. R. E. A. Here we were bidden welcome When Professor Harris said: "We welcome you to our mountain grapes— And the moonshine—overhead." The afternoon flew swiftly by. For Forester, Lewis and such Gave talks that pushed the teachers on And helped them very much. That night from out the midst there came A stalwart healthy frame. And when we learned "George Colvin" Was the stalwart speaker's name Our hearts were filled with love and pride. For it was none but he Who leads the teacher's mighty band, On, on to victory. He spoke of "little children" The hope of our dear land. He spoke of them as jewels, Moulded by the teacher's hand. He told how we could make them Kentucky's pride and joy. And urged us to deal gently With each little girl and boy. And when his speech was over, We could but lip a prayer Of thanks to God in Heaven For sending Colvin there. Next day from Letcher county We teachers all withdrew. We were happy, though our pockets Never held a single sou. At length the trainman shouted, "For Jackson! To the rear!" And soon we found the same old coach. Was waiting for us there. With merry peals of laughter Ringing all around. We found a seat and were content For we were "homeward bound." And now around our heartstone We sing a merry lay. To the dear old Whitesburg village And the U. K. R. E. A.

Good News From Breathitt.

A prominent Democrat of Breathitt county was in town Tuesday on business and informed the Courier that the Democrats of Breathitt county were better organized and more closely allied than any time in the past decade. They have strong county tickets and all are working for the success of the whole ticket. He says that Dr. Whitaker will carry the county by at least four hundred and that some claim that his majority will go to six hundred.

The Democrats are making a vigorous canvass and expect to elect Hon. Chester Bach Circuit Judge over Judge Hurst and J. Mott, McDaniel Commonwealth's Attorney over W. L. Kash. Just why Mr. Cash is running is hard to understand, unless it is just to keep the party organization together. He hasn't the shadow of a chance to win. Morgan will give Whitaker at least 1,800, Breathitt 400 and Wolfe 400 majorities, making 2,600; the best that the Republicans can hope for is 1,000 in Magoffin and 300 in Lee, which would leave Whitaker's majority at least 1,300, and many of the Democrats think that it will exceed that.

25-Cockerels Black Caps—25

Head your pens with my Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels that are bred to lay, weigh and pay \$1.00 and up. Phone or write
MRS. W. M. HENRY,
Liberty Road, Ky.

Deeds and mortgages for sale at the

Courier office.

Personal Items

A Young Governess visited relatives at Frenchburg from Thursday till Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith Nickell, of Ezel, visited their son, C. N. Nickell, last week.

Mrs. W. G. Wells returned Sunday from a visit with relatives at Midletown, Ohio.

Misses Lucile Little and Ethel Allen, of White Oak, attended the school fair here Saturday.

J. V. Henry, Democratic nominee for County Judge, of White Oak, was in town Saturday.

The Licking Valley Courier and the Southern Agriculturist both for one year for \$1.50.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Curran Nickell, of Pamp, returned last week from a visit to friends at Ashland and Huntington.

J. W. Perry, formerly of Yocum, has moved to the property recently purchased from Henry Carr Rose, on Glen avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wells, of Taulbee, visited here last week. They have recently removed from here to the place above named.

Flord Arnett has returned home and his eyes are much better and he thinks that it is only a short while until he will be entirely well.

Jno. B. Phipps and son, Robert, are here for a few days. Mr. Phipps looking after some legal matters and Robert visiting friends.

Taylor Taulbee, of Barwick, was in town a few days this week shaking hands with old acquaintances and incidentally selling the Armour products.

S. S. Oldfield, manager of the Index Store, of Index, was a caller at the Courier office Wednesday and placed an ad in the Courier telling all about his big sale.

H. C. Murphy, a former Morgan county man but now of Sharpshurg, is visiting relatives in the county and was in town Wednesday shaking hands with old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Gentry and children, left for their home at Lytton Monday, after a short visit here with friends. Robert Cole accompanied them home for a short visit.

J. H. Stricklin, Republican nominee for County Judge of Morgan county, of Ink, was in town several days last week and had the Courier print a big order of cards.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bottoms and Mrs. John Stamper of Jackson, visited the family of J. M. Cottle from Saturday till Tuesday. Hazel and Fern have a host of friends here who were glad to see them in our midst.

Eld. A. O. Allison, who has been at Mt. Airy, N. C., for some weeks with his wife, returned Friday and reports that Mrs. Allison is better and that he is assured that she may recover her health. This will be good news to all who know this estimable lady.

Dr. Daniel Baldwin, who has been spending the summer in Canada, returned last week and is at the home of his son, R. A. Baldwin, for the winter. Dr. Baldwin preached an excellent sermon at the Methodist church Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Keyser, Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Keyser, Jr. and little daughter, Dorothy, of Keyser, left Monday after a visit with relatives here. They will go to their farm in Virginia for a few weeks stay before returning to Keyser.

Howard Nickell and daughter, Miss Myrtle, of Nickell, were in town Saturday, to attend the school fair. While here Miss Myrtle was employed to teach the remainder of the term of the school at Grassy Creek, the certificate of Miss McClure having expired.

D. F. Elam, of Index, brought in to the Courier office last week, a brief with a number of blackberries on it. Some of the berries were ripe and some were green. This is the first instance of September blackberries we have noticed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh, Mrs. W. K. Childers and Boyd Steele, of Columbus, Ohio, arrived Monday in response to a telegram that Will Steele brother of the three latter, had been wounded. Boyd and Mrs. Childers went to Jackson the same day and Mr. and Mrs. Walsh on Tuesday.

\$2,500 REWARD

THE COLLIER OIL & GAS COMPANY, Incorporated, offer the above sum as a reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the parties who have committed various acts of vandalism, damaging the property and wells of the company, resulting in the loss of production; the above sum to be divided as follows, to-wit:

\$500.00 REWARD for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who plugged the gas wells of the company's property, located on the Elk Fork of the Licking river in Morgan county, Kentucky.

\$500.00 REWARD for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who plugged the oil well known as the L. M. Haney No. 4, in the Cannel City field in Morgan county, Kentucky.

\$500.00 REWARD for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who plugged the oil well, known as the L. M. Haney No. 3, in the Cannel City field in Morgan county, Kentucky.

\$500.00 REWARD for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who tampered with and placed acid around the casing in the oil well on the J. C. Terrell farm in the Cannel City field in Morgan county, Kentucky, for the purpose of damaging the casing and destroying the well.

\$500.00 REWARD for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who have committed other acts of vandalism resulting in damaging the property of the company including the breaking into and damaging the compressor plant located in the Cannel City field in Morgan county, Kentucky.

The officers of the Collier Oil & Gas Company have reasons to believe that the above acts have been committed for the purpose of destroying the property and reducing the oil production of the company, and for this reason the above rewards are offered.

COLLIER OIL AND GAS COMPANY.

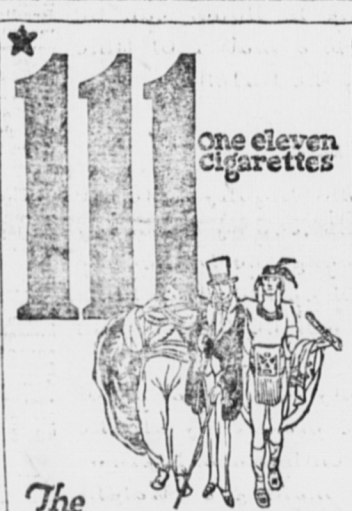
By S. R. COLLIER,

President.

Attest

HARRY W. DONAGHY,

Secretary.



The Three Inseparables

One for mildness, VIRGINIA

One for mellowness, BURLEY

One for aroma, TURKISH

The finest tobaccos perfectly

aged and blended

20 for 15¢

at the American Tobacco Co.

111 FIFTH AVE.

FOR SALE—16 good sheeps, weighing from 30 to 60 pounds. Come early and get your pick. Also a few bushels of seed rice.

H. M. HAMILTON,

Greene, Ky.

Our Classified Ad Department

Advertising under the head of Classified Advertising will be accepted

at the rate of 1 cent a word

for each insertion.

No classified ad accepted for less than 25 cents.

Help Wanted.

We want a lady or gentleman agent to handle city trade in West Liberty and other vacant cities. This is a wonderful opportunity as you will be retelling the genuine J. B. Watkins

Products including Watkins' Colman's Oil Shampoo, Gumbo, Kaffee Powder, Fruit Drinks and over 150 other products. Write today for free sample and particulars. The J. B. Watkins Co., Dept. 69, Memphis, Tenn. 38109

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the year of 1920, I will sell at public outcry at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky. on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1921,

to the highest bidder for cash in hand, — acres of land the property of Claude Lewis, Blaze, Ky., nearest resident, R. L. Perry.

Taxes, \$14.35, penalty and interest, \$2.28; cost, \$2.50, total, \$19.13.

C. P. HENRY, S. M. C.,

By Noah HUGHES, D. S.

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR NEW PRICES

(F. O. B. Detroit)

CHASSIS	\$295
RUNABOUT	\$325
TOURING CAR	\$355
TRUCK CHASSIS	\$445
COUPE	\$595
SEDAN	\$660

These are the lowest prices in Ford cars in the history of the Ford Motor Company.

Orders are coming in fast, so place yours promptly to insure early delivery. New 1921 model on display.

New improvements. — See it.

CAMPTON GARAGE

Authorized Ford Sales & Service.

Campton, Ky.

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, Always in advance.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Courier Publishing Company..... Owners
HOVERMALE & SON, Publishers
L. T. HOVERMALE..... Editor and Manager
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE..... Local news Editor

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7 1/2 cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative, The American Press Association.

Wonder what is behind the persistent effort of the average daily newspaper to discredit prohibition? Who pays for all this "personal privilege" bunk? If the big daily newspapers are free from the sinister influence of the whisky ring why do they not publish the truth about prohibition?

THE SCHOOL FAIR.

The success of the school fair Saturday again proves that a regular county fair would be a good thing for the people. If a sufficient number of the citizens of the county to better farming.

All the business of the county is dependent upon better farming and a county fair would be a big encouragement to the adoption of better methods of farming.

Who will take the lead in organizing a county fair?

WHY THE ARGUMENT?

There is an argument on between Rev. E. G. Mann and the Lexington Herald in regard to the proposed repeal of the pari-mutuel gambling machine in connection with the race tracks. Why the need of argument? If it is gambling it is wrong, and if wrong it should be abolished.

The Herald's contention is that pari-mutuel gambling is better than the old kind of hand book. But what is the use of either? It seems to us that the sensible way would be to abolish all kinds of hand books.

A WARNING UNHEEDED.

Time and again the Courier has warned the people that unless the illicit sale of liquor was stopped that tragedy would follow. At different times in the past it has called attention to the near tragedies that would have happened and held out the warning that some one's life would be taken if the traffic was not stopped.

The tragedy Saturday night was caused wholly by liquor. If the parties had been sober there would have been no trouble. The parties dealing in liquor can be apprehended, and if they are not it is a matter of time only when some one else's life will pay the forfeit.

DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

Those who took the trouble to make inquiry as to the prospect for Democratic success in this county Saturday agree that practically all soreness among the Democrats has vanished and it is the consensus of opinion that Morgan's Democratic majority this year will be bigger than it ever was.

Democrats from all over the county report that all of the Democratic nominees will receive practically all the Democratic vote in the county and the enthusiasm is growing daily. All of the nominees are making a straight fight for the whole ticket and all is in perfect harmony.

There is no reason why every Democrat should not vote for all the nominees, and the report from the various sections of the county is that they will do so.

30 DAY SALE!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

We bought a big line of dry goods and dress goods before the advance in prices and are going to sell below the market for the next 30 days.

A big line of up-to-now sweaters.

Nobby line of underwear.

Notions, hats and caps.

We are selling our summer lines at cost to make room for our big Fall and winter line.

Good gingham at 12 1-2, 15 and 20c.

Bleached muslin 12 1-2, 15 and 20c.

Unbleached muslin 12 1-2, 15 and 20c.

Groceries at bed-rock prices.

JAS. K. SWANGO & CO.

"OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME" WHEN IN TOWN

Come and see us and make yourself at home. Modern, Up-to-Date Buildings.

RATES REASONABLE

Commercial Inn

T. H. CASKEY, Prop.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, son of a wealthy coal operator known as "Big" Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. By "Babe," a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the development of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for the fight. Dale, in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe," unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure Dale she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaurin, who had married Patricia Clavering. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the old gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" be taken to the city to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine, interests Newton Wheatley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets the Major, lawyer and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he engages as counsel for the company. A man named Gott, of evil repute, tries to bribe Dale to betray the Morelands by selling him the coal deposits, and telling them they are of little value. Dale attempts to threaten him, but Gott draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.—Gott enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torreys, to make trouble for Dale's company. The Littlefords and Morelands agree to forget the old feud and dwell in harmony.

CHAPTER X.—"Babe" returns to her home, feeling she is a burden to the McLaurins. Dale remonstrates, and she agrees to go back, for the sake of an education. Waylaid by "Black Adam" Ball, Dale fights a pistol duel with the desperado, and Ball is killed. Dale is arrested and taken to jail at Cartersville. He doesn't see how his shot could have killed Ball.

CHAPTER XI.—There is much speculation as to who really killed Ball, the general opinion being it was "Big" Heck, who has constituted himself Dale's guardian.

CHAPTER XII.—Dale is much surprised. "I wish you'd come and go home along as I go, maw, and git me some dinner."

"All right, By, all right." To Mrs. Littleford, "Come down and bring



"No, Maw," Grinned Her Son, yore knittin', and spend the day wif me. Good luck to ye, Babe, when ye go back to the city!"

When they were within a hundred yards of their cabin home beside the river, Granny Heck said to her son, whose mind seemed inordinately busy:

"Who d'ye reckon killed Black Adam, the bound dawg o' Torment, By, darlin'?"

"Tha's lookin' fo' rain today," they quietly said By Heck.

"I asked you, sonny boy," the witch-like old woman went on, "who did you reckon killed Black Adam?"

"The rain in the air," as though he had not heard, "Ef it don't rain today, it'll shore rain tonight."

"Now looky here!" snapped Granny Heck. "I said who did you think killed Adam Ball?"

By Heck did not smile, nor did he frown. "Ef it don't rain today nor tonight," he drawled, "it'll shore rain tomorrow. I tell ye, mother, the rain in the air."

"By: By: Ye dadblamed idjit!" protested the old woman vehemently. "Now you answer me what it was I

Said Samuel Heck, unperturbed:

"Grandpaw Moreland still has to take his old gray cat down off o' the front porch roof every mornin' of his life. Jim Littleford's wife's son's grandpaw's son-in-law is named Jim Littleford. Abner Moreland's got a old speckled oxen 'at ain't got but one good eye. Isaac Littleford talks through his nose. Little Tom Moreland's pap's old 'toon dawg ketches a big, pore 'possum last night with one foot gone what it had been gnawed off in a trap. Babe Littleford's got to be the hell-rarin'est, purtiest gyurl in the world: Bill Dale he said a man who'd say 'eyther and 'neyther' in place o' 'eether and 'neether' would part his hair in the middle and wear a bow on the back o' his hat and ribbon in his underclo'es. Maw?"

"Whut!"

"Le' me ax ye a question," with a mock solemnity that was ultra-ridiculous. "Please don't try to joke wif me, yore pore hungry che-ild. Maw, hawnest to goodness, will ye tell me the truth?"

Hopeful, she bent toward him. "O' course, honey boy, I'll tell ye the truth. What it is, darlin'?"

He whispered it: "Maw, don't deceive me. What was my maiden name?"

Granny Heck became so angry that she trembled. To her, baffled curiosity was but little better than torture.

"I wish I may drap dead right here in my tracks," she declared shrilly, "ef I git you a dadslatted bite to eat ontel you gi' me a sensible answer!"

"Who, I said, dang it all, did you think it was killed Black Adam, the bound dawg o' puggatory?"

"Don't talk so infernal loud, mother," and By Heck smiled a pale smile. "I don't think who killed Black Adam: I know who killed Black Adam. But, I god, it needn't to worry Bill Dale none! Git this here, mother dear— whoever it was done it shore ain't a-goin' to let nary hair in Bill Dale's head suffer fo' it!"

One of old Granny Heck's bony fingers shot out toward her son like a weapon.

"It was you, By!" she accused. "It was you killed Black Adam Ball! Now own up to me, son, and I'll bake ye some cawnbread with sals and hawg-renderin' in it. Wasn't it you that done it?"

By Heck looked toward some fleecy white clouds that were sailing slowly, like ships of silver and pearl in a sunny cerulean sea, over the rugged crest of the majestic Big pine.

"The rain in the air," he drawled. "Ef it don't rain today, it'll rain tonight; and ef it don't rain tonight, it'll rain tomorrow. Yeah; the's rain in the air, mother, as shore as dammit."

CHAPTER XII.

Jailed.

Cartersville nestles close between the points of two outlying foothills, and it is a delightfully lazy and old-fashioned town. For the most part it is made up of gabled old brick houses, which have pretty settings of green lawn, roses, honeysuckles and trees. Even in the small business district, the streets are lined with trees. They have electric lights there, and water mains, a common school and a high school, a courthouse, a jail and a theater.

It was a little after nightfall when Dale and the other two men rode through the shaded streets. Dale noted that the people they met under the swinging lights, spoke cordially and with marked courtesy to his companions. It was very evident that the officer and Major Bradley were in high standing in their home town.

Sheriff Tom Flowers drew in before a hitching-rack that stood in front of the courthouse, a great old wooden building with a clock in its tower.

"We'll dismount here," said he. They did. The major took the reins of Dale's horse.

"I'll see that the animal is well cared for, sir," he said to Dale. "And as soon as I have seen to our horses, I'll be with you. I wish to talk matters over with you. Suppose I bring supper for us both, eh?"

Dale thanked Bradley, and turned away with the officer. They walked a short block and entered a low, square building of brick and stone of which the windows were small and high and barred with iron. Dale knew that it was the Cartersville jail, and his heart sank in spite of him. Just as death by violence had been entirely new to him, so also was this entirely new to him.

Flowers took a ring of heavy keys from the hand of the jailer, and led the way down a whitewashed corridor. It was not yet bedtime, and the other prisoners were still up: some of them were reading newspapers, others were trying to mend their clothing, still others were doing nothing. A few of them called out boldly and bade the new prisoner welcome—and each of these received a gruff order from the sheriff to keep quiet. Dale paid no attention whatever to his would-be tormentors.

At an iron door at the end of the corridor, the officer halted and faced about.

"If there could be such a thing as a comfortable cell here," he said in low and kindly tones, "it's this one." He went on earnestly: "Now I want you to believe me when I tell you that it is with real regret that I put you

behind a door of iron. But if I didn't do it, somebody else would do it; and it's possible that I can be a little more decent about it than another officer would be."

"I realize all that, y'know," replied Dale, "and I'm very much obliged to you, sheriff."

Flowers unlocked the door, and Bill Dale walked in. Flowers locked the door and went away.

Dale began to inspect his quarters. To all appearances, they were at least clean. There was a narrow bed covered with a pair of gray blankets, a stool and a soapbox, and nothing more. The light in the corridor behind him made snaky black lines of bar-shadows on the brick partition walls and the outer wall of stone. Dale shuddered in spite of himself. He put up one hand and turned on a small light, which dissipated the uncanny shadows—and showed him a line from Dante's "Inferno" that to him seemed very miserable; some former occupant of that cell had written it with charcoal on the whitewashed outer wall.

Then Dale sat wearily down on the narrow bed, leaned his head upon his hands, and began to think.

He had always wanted difficulties to overcome, barriers to surmount, a work to do, a fight to fight for himself. In full measure he had found them every one. He did not doubt his ability to overcome the difficulties, surmount the barriers, do his work well and fight his fight as a good man fights, and win—if it were not for the charge of having shot and killed Black Adam Ball! It seemed to him now that that must end all that was worth while for him. For that was more than a difficulty, more than a barrier.

He firmly believed that it had been his bullet that had finished the earthly existence of the giant hillman. True, it had been an accident. But how was he to convince a jury that it had been an accident? Would the jury take his word for it? The jury would not, of course.

The mysterious little shot, that had come from a little distance—but he could not reasonably expect deliverance from that source. If only he had held down his abominable, savage temper; if only he had—

Major Bradley interrupted his unpleasant train of thought.

"No brooding there, my boy!" Dale looked up. The old attorney, as neat in appearance as though he had not even seen a saddle that day, was standing just outside the hateful door of bars. Beside him stood a white-faced negro boy with a big tray of steaming food on one hand and a pot of steaming coffee in the other.

The jailer came and unlocked the door; also he very considerably brought another stool and fresh water. The major entered the cell, and the negro followed.

An amused twinkle appeared in Dale's eyes as Bradley put the tray down on the soapbox. There was enough for five threshing-machine hands! The black boy was sent to the front door to wait.

"I thought you'd be as hungry as I am, and I'm as hungry as poor old By Heck ever was!" laughed the major, as he sat down and began to pour the coffee. "Riding always made me as hungry as a bear in April. Light right into it, Dale. There's nothing like a good steak, for any meal, when a fellow is half starved; eh, Dale? Try that one, won't you? I told Massengale I'd cause his headbeard if these steaks weren't perfect. Massengale," he added, "runs the hotel here, the Enreka Funeral Parlor, and the One-Price Clothing Emporium."

"I wonder," smiled Bill Dale, "what he does with his spare time?"

Bradley laughed, his eyes twinkling merrily. Dale found that he too was hungry, now that savory odors had invaded his nostrils. A minute later, and he had pronounced his steak delicious.

"Massengale shall not suffer beheadment," said the major; and he began to carve his own steak.

It was an excellent meal, the grim surroundings notwithstanding. When it was over, the negro boy came and took away the dishes, and received with a glad smile the two silver coins that were given him. Then Bradley produced a handful of cigars, and two of them were promptly lighted.

"Now, sir," said the old lawyer, "I feel like talking. Let's see, you gave your man Hayes orders to carry the work right along as though nothing had happened, didn't you? And the sheriff is to go back the day after tomorrow to arrest two or three Balls and two or three Torreys, to see what he can find out concerning the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trestle—today was not a good time to make the arrests. Am I correct?"

"Correct," nodded Dale.

Bradley regarded his cigar thoughtfully.

"Now," he said in a low tone, suddenly lifting his gaze to the other's face, "tell me about the thing that brought you here. Don't omit even the slightest detail. Nobody can overhear you if you will hold your voice down. These walls are very thick, you see. Well, you may begin."

In carefully guarded tones, Bill Dale gave a straightforward account of the whole unfortunate occurrence. The major listened intently to every word of it, so intently that he allowed his cigar to go out. Often he stopped his client and asked him to repeat certain portions of the story in order that he might be doubly sure of a point.

As Major Bradley rose to ask the jailer to come and let him out, Dale interrupted disheartenly:

"Tell me, major: what do you think of my case? It looks rather bad, doesn't it?"

"Not bad enough to warrant your feeling blue over it, my boy!" said Bradley, showing his polished white teeth in a smile that was meant to be reassuring. "I think we'll get you out of it. Anyway, don't worry about it. Worry will kill a cat, they say! You didn't kill Adam Ball, John Moreland had taught you how to shoot pretty well; and if you took even half as careful an aim as you think you did, you couldn't have missed Ball's hat by so much."

"I have an idea, Dale," he resumed, "that if we knew who fired that third shot we'd know who did for Ball. It might have been done in order to save

(Continued on page three.)

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GUMPTION

Our Motto: One country, one flag, one wife at a time.
Our Aim: To tell the truth though the heavens fall.
Our Hope: To cure cussedness or kill the cusses.
By L. T. Hovermale.



"MATCHLESS PERFORMANCE"

President Harding, recently spoke of the matchless performance of the Republican Congress. Matchless, indeed, is a record of the said Congress. Matchless for its failure to do anything to put the business of the nation upon a firm basis. We have before us the official report of the present Congress and it shows that 35 House bills and 3 Senate bills have been enacted into laws. Nineteen are for river bridges improvement, a few for public buildings, the other are mainly minor and trivial affairs.

The Emergency Bill, designed to help the farmer is the only bill of general import passed, and its passage was followed by a general decrease in the price of farm products. A tax bill is under discussion and will probably pass, and it is in keeping with the Republican idea of government—increasing the tax on the small business man and decreasing the tax on the ultra rich.

Another one of the Republican "Matchless Performance" is the increase of the salaries of some of the Public Service officials, some from \$2,400 a year to \$30,000 and sending some of the others as high as \$18,000 a year. They also exempt from taxation corporations who pay 50 per cent of their business with foreigners. This free from taxation the immense exporters of the east. Truly, the Republican party is running a free form and protecting the fellows who put up the big campaign funds.

Truly, the Republican administration is one of "Matchless Performance." The 5,000,000 unemployed laborers, the farmer who can not sell his product for profit, the tobacco producers who are at the mercy of the trust, and the hungry

public in general, will testify that the achievements of the present administration are matchless—matchless for incompetency, indecision, callousness to the public's needs, and its subservience to the big interests.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce D. F. ELAM, of Indiana, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce W. T. WARD, of Indiana, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce REV. JOE HANEY, of Cannel City, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the general election 1921.

We are authorized to announce J. H. MCGUIRE, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the election 1921.

We are authorized to announce J. W. RATLIFF, of Stacy Fork, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

We are authorized to announce W. O. PELFREY, of Indiana, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

We are authorized to announce J. CURREN NICKELL, of Camp, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

We are authorized to announce GRANT LEWIS, of Blaine, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

SOUTH BOUND				NORTH BOUND			
Daily	Daily	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Daily	Daily	Ex. Sun.	Daily
10:35	7:41		6:50	1:20	1:20		1:20
1:35	7:41		6:40	1:10	1:10		1:10
1:55	7:49		6:32	1:02	1:02		1:02
2:10	7:55		6:28	12:58	12:58		12:58
2:15	7:40		6:15	12:45	12:45		12:45
2:35	8:00		6:10	12:20	12:20		6:10
2:41	8:06			12:03	5:54		5:54
3:00	8:24			11:57	5:48		5:48
3:15	8:40			11:20	5:20		5:20
3:35	9:00			11:23	5:14		5:14
P. M. Lv. A. M. Ar.				11:00	4:50		4:50
P. M. Lv. A. M. Ar.				A. W. Ar. P. M. Ar. P. M. Ar.			

Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.

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THE CLAN CALL

(Continued from page two.)

you. Ball was noted, I understand, as an unfair and tricky fighter. He might have been trying to trick you when he rose and fell grunting. Perhaps he meant to draw you into the open, that he might have a clean shot at you. Eh?"

Dale shook his head gloomily. "Hardly plausible, major. In that event there was nothing against the man whose bullet finished Ball, because he did it to save me; and he would have owned to it and prevented my arrest. A man who liked me well enough to kill Ball to save my life would like me well enough to confess and save me from suffering for it. I am sure of that, major."

"Ah, my boy," smiled the older of the two, "you don't yet know the mountain heart. Jail is a terrible thing to the liberty-loving mountaineer. But love of you, and love of fair-dealing, will soon overcome the fear of jail, and you will be freed—if what I strongly suspect proves to be well founded. I'll leave you now, Dale. I'll see you in the morning, sir. Good-night!"

When his optimistic attorney had gone, Dale glanced once more at the to him miserable line from Dante's "Inferno," and began to remove his outer clothing preparatory to going to bed. He did not feel anything like so confident concerning the outcome of his trial as Major Bradley evidently felt. Then he became even more dejected, and he told himself that the major had spoken so reassuringly merely to help him keep up heart.

The night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and in the Cartersville jail there was one prisoner who had not slept at all. Each of those long and heavy black hours had been an age to this prisoner to whom jail was so new.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by much vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the countryside and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Dale. He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart and strong, and about him there was much of that certain English finesse that was so striking in his father.

He entered the low, square building of brick and stone and stopped in the center of the corridor, where he stood, while water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet, and looked to his right and to his left. Dale saw him, and cried out in surprise:

"Caleb!"

Caleb Moreland walked straight, his head up and his shoulders back, a splendid picture of virile young manhood, to the end of the corridor. He gripped two of the door's hated bars that had long been worn smooth by other human hands; he pressed his smoothly shaven, sunburned face against the iron, and smiled.

"How are ye a-feelin' by this time, Bill? It's some h—l of a place, ain't it?"

Dale took a step toward him. "Well, a queen's boudoir is nicer. What are you doing here, Caleb?"

"I've come to set you free," said Caleb Moreland.

Dale stared unbelievably. "But that is impossible, Cale. How could you set me free?"

"Call Tom Flowers, and I'll sight ye."

Dale called, and the officer came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced him.

"I've come here to own up to the killin' o' Black Adam Ball," began the young hillman.

He swallowed, went a trifle pale under his tan, and continued bravely: "Bill Dale, I say, he never done it. I am the one 'at done it. Bill he shot at Adam, but he missed—Adam had done shot at Bill first, y'understand, Tom. But I didn't miss. I don't never miss. I'm a plumb tombstone-shot. They



"I've Come Here to Own Up to the Killin' o' Black Adam Ball," Began the Young Hillman.

ain't rules me out at any shootin' match. I'd ha' owned up to it yest'day, but the thought o' jail had me skeered bad. I jest can't let as good a man as Bill Dale thar suffer fo' a thing I done myself. So you let him out, Tom, and put the right man in thar."

Flowers had a good heart, and this touched it. But he was not very much surprised.

"Tell us about it, Caleb," he requested.

Caleb looked toward Dale, then he faced the lord of Cartersville's little prison again.

"Well, shurif, when I seed Bill Dale go off toward the trustee by himself and alone, I knowed right then he was in danger o' bein' laywaved by some o' them thar lowdown Bails and Cherokee Torreys. So I decides to foller after him and gyard him, without him a-knowin' anything about it, which same I done. When he met Adam Ball—"

He broke off abruptly. "Go on," urged Flowers.

"I reckon I won't," smiled Caleb, and his eyes were still twinkling. "I reckon I won't do no more talkin' jest now. Yes, I reckon the proper place fo' me to do my big talkin' is in the courtroom at my trial. Lock me up will ye Tom?"

"We'll see," said Flowers.

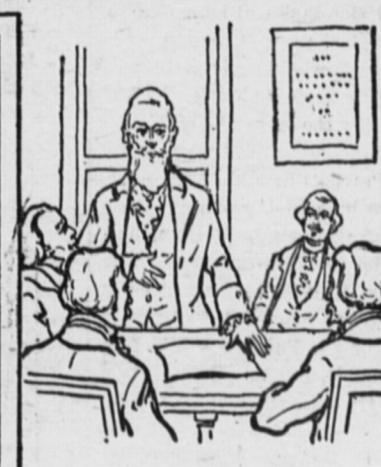
Forthwith he dispatched a deputy for Judge Carter and Major Bradley, who hastened to the jail.

An hour later Caleb Moreland was the occupant of the cell at the end of the whitewashed corridor, and Dale was mounting his bay horse Fox to ride back into the heart of the everlasting hills. He arrived two hours after nightfall. The Morelands were glad to see him, and the Littlefords were glad to see him. There was rejoicing there in the broad valley that lies between David Moreland's mountain and the Big Pine. Everybody had been expecting him, and many were the pairs of eyes that had been watching for him. He found himself suddenly wishing with a tightening at his throat, that his father could know how much bigger and how much better it was to be thus esteemed than to be wealthy.

Luke took charge of his tired horse and led it away to the old log barn and to some fifteen ears of yellow corn. Luke's father escorted him proudly, the guest of honor, in to one of Addie Moreland's incomparable old-fashioned suppers, which was none the worse for being late. Several Littlefords sat at the long, home-



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wealth and honor by investing his own savings and practicing thrift. During the Civil war he raised one billion dollars for the federal government. Cooke was a great financier in his time.

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Before you're a day older you want to let the idea slip under your hat that this is the open season to start something with a joy's jimmy pipe—and some Prince Albert!

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from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process) are a revelation to the man who never could get acquainted with a pipe! P. A. has made a pipe a thing of joy to four men where one was smoked before!

Ever roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert? Man, man—but you've got a party coming your way! Talk about a cigarette smoke; we tell you it's a peach!



Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tippy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tins, humidor and in the grand crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

made table.

John Moreland turned up the light a little, and cracked a worn but timely joke; then he looked toward one of the men whom he had fought throughout many years, and muttered into his thick brown beard:

"Saul, friend, will ye do us the favor o' axin' the blessin', ef ye please?"

"Shore, John, o' course."

Saul Littleford, the very illiterate, laced his big fingers together across his plate, bent his head, and told the good Almighty that they were all very much obliged to Him for the fine supper they had before them, for Addie Moreland who had cooked it, for peace, and for Bill Dale.

It was almost midnight when the visitors left. They had been sitting outside, on the honeysuckle-scented front porch and in the cabin yard. At last Bill Dale and John Moreland were left together on the porch.

"There's a thing that has puzzled me since the moment I got here this evening," said Dale. "Why is it that nobody seems to be grieving over Caleb's being in jail?"

The big hillman's answer came almost sharply: "No Moreland ever grieved over a sacrifice, Bill."

Dale sat up straight. "A sacrifice! What do you mean?"

This time the big hillman's answer came slowly. "I mean 'at Cale he's a-akin' all o' the load off o' yore shoulders 'at he can. Cale he's a-takin' yore place in jail ontel the trial comes off, which'll be at the October term o' co'te. He trusts you to come back and set him free on the day o' the trial. O' course you'll do it; we hain't never doubted that fo' one little minute, Bill. But it wasn't all done fo' yore sake. You're the hope o' the Morelands, and you can do a heap more here 'an Caleb can."

He leaned toward Bill Dale and went on in a confidential tone:

"And I can tell ye this here, ef ye're found guilty o' killin' Adam Ball, and sentenced fo' even one year, the Morelands and the Littlefords is a-goin' to take ye from the officers and turn ye loose with a good, long start on the law."

"Wouldn't that be rather—"

Dale broke off because he had seen the tall figure of a man appear in the open gateway. It was By Heck, and he spoke.

"Hello, John Moreland!"

"Hello yerself!" growled Moreland, who was not at all pleased at the interruption.

Heck advanced, carrying his rifle by its muzzle. He halted with one foot on the stone step.

"I've got news fo' ye, Bill," he said, recognizing Dale even in the darkness. "I've been a-eyes-droppin' up at old Ball's house, and I had to choke about ten dawgs to do it. Bill, old boy, them Bails has done swore by everything on earth and in Heaven and in Torment 'at they'll kill you ef the law don't. Iгод, ye'd better watch out, Bill."

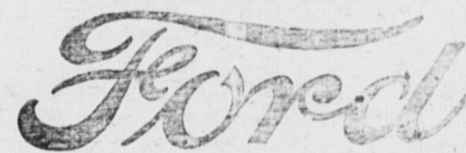
John Moreland rose from his chair. "Much obliged to ye, By. And good-night to ye. Let's go into the house, Bill. I didn't think them d—d pole-cats had that much nerve—and I don't hardly believe it yit. It might ha' been white flicker a-talkin'. Their kind o' white flicker ain't baywest, like By Heck's is, though his'n is bad enough. Their kind'll make a man resurrect his dead mem'ries out o' the graveyard and shoot 'em up all over again. It ain't a-goin' to do a great deal o' harm, Bill, ef ye don't light no lamp when ye go to bed. A man ain't never tell jest what's a-goin' to happen."

"And the Ball-Torrey outfit—" Dale began, when the Moreland chief cut in: "Ef the Ball-Torrey outfit pesters you, they're every one purty darned apt to die with what is knowed gen'ally in this section as the rifle-bullet disease."

(Continued next week.)

H. V. Nickell Ed Day

ANNOUNCEMENT



THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

"We are making another reduction in the price of Ford cars and the Ford truck, effective Sept. 2. The new prices average \$70.00 under former prices, and are the lowest at which Ford cars and trucks have ever been sold. List prices, F. O. B. Detroit are now as follows:

	New Price	Old Price	Amt. reduction
Chassis	\$295	\$345	\$50
Runabout	325	370	45
Touring Car*	355	415	60
Truck	445	495	50
Coupe	595	695	100
Sedan	660	750	100

*Without Starter.

"This is the third price cut during the past twelve months. On September 22, 1920, the price of the Ford touring car was reduced from \$575 to \$440; June 7th to \$415, and now to \$355, making total reductions in this type of \$220, or 38 per cent. The same proportionate reductions have been made in all other types. One year ago the price of the Ford sedan was \$975; today it lists at \$660 with the same equipment.

"We are taking advantage of every known economy in the manufacture of our products in order that we may give them to the public at the lowest possible price, and by doing that, we feel that we are doing the one big thing that will help this country into more prosperous times. People are interested in prices and are buying when prices are right.

"The production of Ford cars and trucks for August again broke all previous high records with the total reaching 117,696. This is the fourth consecutive month in which our output has gone over the hundred thousand mark, the total of the four months being 463,074, which has gone a long way in making possible the present reductions. June this year, with an output of 117,247 was the previous record month.

"One noteworthy feature of our sales is the increased demand for Ford trucks and cars for salesmen. This class of commercial business has been gradually increasing the past sixty days and we interpret it as a very good sign of improvement in general business.

"No reduction has been made in the price of the Fordson tractor, and none is contemplated."

Go over these new prices! See how little it costs to become the owner of a Ford car or a Ford truck. Can you really afford to do without one any longer?

Let us tell you more about it, and advise you regarding the delivery of the particular type of car in which you are interested.

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SOUR STOMACH INDIGESTION

Thedford's Black-Draught Highly Recommended by a Tennessee Grocer for Troubles Resulting from Torpid Liver.

East Nashville, Tenn.—The efficiency of Thedford's Black-Draught, the genuine, herb, liver medicine, is vouched for by Mr. W. N. Parsons, a grocer of this city. "It is without doubt the best liver medicine, and I don't believe I could get along without it. I take it for sour stomach, headache, bad liver, indigestion, and all other troubles that are the result of a torpid liver."

"I have known and used it for years, and can and do highly recommend it to every one. I won't go to bed without it in the house. It will do all it claims to do. I can't say enough for it."

Many other men and women throughout the country have found Black-Draught just as Mr. Parsons describes—valuable in regulating the liver to its normal functions, and in cleansing the bowels of impurities.

Thedford's Black-Draught liver medicine is the original and only genuine. Accept no imitations or substitutes. Always ask for Thedford's.

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LYNN B. WELLS
For County Court Clerk—
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For Sheriff—
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For Jailer—
JOHN A. FAIRCHILD
For Tax Commissioner—
A. F. BLEVINS
For Justice of the Peace
1st Dist.—**J. C. TERRELL**,
2nd Dist.—**E. W. DAY**,
3rd Dist.—**W. C. BLACK**,
4th Dist.—**RANNEY HAMILTON**.
For Constable
1st Dist.—**J. L. LYKINS**,
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WRIGLEY

We are extremely proud of the fact that the Wrigley school has some very fine material for a literary society. The pupils have already organized, and are putting on some interesting programs. The last society meeting was held last Friday, September 30.

Ralph Wright, the president, called the society to order at two-thirty o'clock, and the following program was then rendered:
Song.....Society
Recitation.....Iva Wilder
Reading.....Pearl Brown
Recitation.....Homer Wright
News of the week.....Myrl Elam
Duet.....Ina Lewis and Rose Dixon
Biography.....Stanley Blair
Recitation.....Phenie Bishop
Original Story.....Boyd Blair
Cracker Eating Contest.....Mutt and Jeff

After the program was rendered a very interesting address was delivered by Henry Adkins, the assistant teacher. He talked on the value of Literary Societies in the public schools. The talk was well prepared and well delivered.

We hope that our school society will grow stronger and develop the literary talent of its members. The pupils and teachers are striving toward that end.

GRASSY CREEK

The farmers seem to be as anxious to see dry weather now as they were to see wet weather in June. For the sake of harmony, suppose we all agree to take the weather as it comes and be content.

I failed to see my article for last week in print. Perhaps it is one of the two articles that had no signature but I certainly thought that I signed it up.

Died on the 28th, Elizabeth Carter of a complication of diseases incident to old age. Aunt Betty, as she was known, was 85 years old, had been afflicted for quite a while. Her moral and religious life is above suspicion. She was the last one of the family of David B. Carter, she was laid to rest in the Grassy Lick cemetery. Elders W. L. Gevedon, W. C. Nickell and the writer officiating in the funeral services.

Died on the 28th, the little eleven year old daughter of Burney Collinsworth, of diphtheria, after a very short illness. Her remains were laid to rest in the Grassy Lick cemetery. Funeral services were conducted by Elders C. T. Walters and Robert McClure.

Ollie James Carter, the little ten year old son of John B. Carter, fell from an apple tree on the 29th, and broke his arm. Dr. E. C. Gevedon dressed his arm and he is doing reasonably well.

There is a faction of Republicans that seem to be dissatisfied, and are working to get opposition to the entire Democratic ticket. But the dissatisfied faction is too weak to compete with the overwhelming odds that oppose them. The good staunch Republicans say that they are satisfied with the Democratic nominees.

I see that Gumption, in a recent article opposes the proposed amendment to the constitution to give the Governor power to appoint nine electors, or a committee of nine men to elect the State Superintendent, which would be equivalent to the Governor appointing the superintendent himself. I am opposed to any man in the state of Kentucky having that power, regardless of party affiliation. I oppose nine men voting the state of Kentucky, though they all be Democrats. I am in favor of every legal voter in the State having the free privilege of voting for every official of the State. I oppose a minority rule. It is undemocratic. It is preposterous. Every fair thinking honest man should oppose it. Hit 'em again Gumption.

Everybody vote under the roster.

FAIRPLAY.

FLORESS

Theodore Rice, of Paintsville, spent from Friday till Sunday with T. J. Elam and family.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McClure and children, started for their home in Illinois Wednesday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Elam who will visit for some time.

Miss Hazel Mullins, who is teaching at Williams, spent the week end with home folk.

Misses Lula and Stella Elam attended church at White Oak Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Kennard, of Logville, attended church here Sunday.

Ora Williams, of Dingus, was at Flores Sunday.

Mrs. Dennie Mullins and daughter Doela, of Elamton, were at Flores Sunday.

HOLLIDAY

A large crowd from this place attended the funeral of Haden Allen's wife, which was preached on Johnson near the home of Andy Patton last Sunday.

Caroline Reed, of Caney was the guest of Homer Harper one day last week.

Mrs. Hattie Cooper and son, Edgar were visiting her father, James Oney Saturday and Sunday.

Daniel Gullett and granddaughter Rura, have returned home. They have been visiting friends in Greenup county for some time.

Lawrence Oney, of Hagar, was visiting friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Amyx were visiting relatives on Far Fork of White Oak Sunday.

Clark Vance, of Epsom, passed thru here Sunday, going to see his sister who has been ill for some time.

James Singleton and family were the guests of Harrison Holliday Sunday.

The Vance team and the Holliday team played a game of base ball on the Vance diamond Sunday. The score was 16 to 9 in favor of the Vance team.

BLUE EYES.

Jesse Hale, of Zag, who has been working on the brick yard at West Liberty for some time, stopped with us Saturday night enroute home.

J. D. Cox and Ireland Bishop attended Federal court at Jackson last week.

John Crouch and family spent Saturday night on Sunday with the writer and Leonard Ward.

Wade Quicksall and Valentine McGuire of Yocum, were in this section Thursday.

J. W. Fannin sold his farm to R. C. and J. W. Day, of Licking River. Consideration, \$3,000. Wallace is an enterprising farmer, and an ideal citizen and will be greatly missed in this neighborhood. Still, we welcome the coming of Messrs. Day, we consider them to be gentlemen in every respect.

J. A. HALE.

Mrs. Baul Whitt, of Royalton, was in town Monday enroute to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lykins, of West Liberty.

Miss Oma Dykes visited relatives at Lee City Sunday.

Miss Hattie Rose, of Lee City, was the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Martha Walters, from Saturday till Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Whitt, of Harper were in town Monday.

Dr. E. C. Watson made a flying trip to Winchester Saturday after some cars for a party. He was accompanied back by Dorra B. Lykins.

Orval Arnett, of Lee City, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Dykes Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Reed and daughters, Lattie and Jewel, Miss Emmi Harper and Mrs. Golden Manning were the guests of Noah Allen and family, of



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Lykins, Saturday night. They also attended the funeral of Andy Patton and, also, the wife of Hayden Allen who was the granddaughter of Andy Patton, Sunday at Elsie.

Miss Eunice Nickell is visiting relatives at Winchester this week.

Burton Merrill, who is employed at Jeff, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Merrill, this week.

Sam Spencer, of West Liberty, was in town this week on business.

Mrs. J. L. Arnett has returned home from Ravenna and reports a nice time.

Mrs. J. E. Whitt has just received an announcement from her son, Gains of Quay, Okla., of the arrival of a 10 pound boy—Gains Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Arnett attended the funeral at Elsie Sunday.

Carnie, the 16 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Cap Reed, has typhoid at the home of his grandfather, J. J. Watson.

CLERK.

CAMPTON

Being a subscriber of your paper the best paper published in the mountains, by reason of its able editorial and correspondence, and thinking you many readers might wish to hear something from these, the uttermost parts of the earth, I thought if you waste basket wasn't quite full, I would furnish you a little filling from Campton and St. Patrick, and give you a little of the news, politically, socially and religiously.

The political pot has commenced simmering a little but hasn't boiled gently to skim off the sly political scum that boils up just after a primary election. It looks like now the whole Democratic ticket will be elected. They are all good citizens and should have the support of all Democrats. Those that were defeated in the primary were good citizens and their future prospects depend on the result of these races.

J. M. Howe recently sold a one acre lot to A. J. Crouch adjoining the latter's residence, for \$100.

Roscoe Tyler, who is in the good business near Torrent, came in home last Saturday.

J. L. Horton's house in Campton is near completion and will be one of the handsomest houses in Campton.

Willie Lacy, who has been ill with typhoid, is said to be better at this writing under the care of Dr. Carroll.

Uncle John Lacy sold his house and lot in St. Patrick to uncle Nick Fuks.

Mrs. Josephine Dickerson and daughter, Ida, of Richmond, Virginia, have been for the past two months visiting their many friends and relatives in Campton and elsewhere.

G. P. Lowe, J. M. Howe, of St. Patrick, Willie Chiff, J. S. Cable, Douglas Evans, of O' Valley, started for their home October 1.

Rev. L. C. DeArmond has been assigned to the pastoral work of the M. E. church at Campton for another year. This will be his fifth year at Campton, which has been satisfactory to the members and the people generally.

Memorial services were held at the Evans cemetery Saturday, 18th. A large crowd was in attendance. The Revs. Coons, Garrison, Robbins, Williams, Spencer, Belford and J. M. To son did the preaching. Good order and the good spirit seemed to be in control throughout the services. A sumptuous dinner was served on the ground. We hope this will be a day long to be remembered.

Most everybody took in the excursion on the Mountain Central to Natural Bridge Sunday. It seems to me that next Legislature ought to operate another Sabbath day each week to accommodate the Sabbath breakers of the present time. They can't get through in one day. The good Lord set apart only one. But, O Mr. What did He know about the needs of the people?

J. M. Howe has recently built a new barn out of his old one, which is quite an improvement to his premises.

Mrs. H. B. Mullins, who has been visiting relatives and friends in P. W. county for the last week, returned

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Everything in our Big Stock included. The Newest, Cleanest and Best Stock of Goods ever put on the market.

The reason why we are putting on this sale is that our manager has decided to quit the merchandise business and we are compelled to clean out on that account, and we have got him to conduct this big sale for us.

We quote you a few items to show you how this sale will start:

Sugar, per pound.....	\$0.07	1-2Flows,
Coffee, per pound.....	.12	1-2Harness,
Perfection flour, per bag.....	1.25	Windows, Doors,
Dry salt meat, per pound.....	.15	Nails,
Lard, per pound.....	.15	Farm Machinery,
Red Label Haines Union suits 1.25		Barbed Wire,
Shoes,		Woven Wire,
Rubbers,		Salt, per barrel.....
Beds, Springs, Mattresses,		Duck Head overalls.....
Stoves,		Hay, Feed.

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With every Two Dollar purchase at this store we will give the customer a key. One of these keys thus given away will unlock the lock of this Beautiful Music Master now on display in our store.

Bring in the keys on the day set—Watch for the announcement—and see if you hold the successful key that unlocks the lock that makes you the happy possessor of this Beautiful Master Music Phonograph.

This sale is strictly for cash. No goods charged during this sale. Produce, poultry, eggs, fat hogs and such as we can handle at the highest market price.

We will pay 40 cents per dozen for eggs now.

THE INDEX STORE INDEX, KY

home Saturday.

The farmers in this section are very busy cutting corn, which they report is a fair average crop.

It looks now, like we might in the near future be able to report a wedding between two very prominent parties in Campton. If it happens I will tell it on them.

SOMEbody.

FARM FOR SALE—About 200 acres on War creek, some timber, large well and is productive. Five room house and new barn. Well watered and fenced. Good orchard. Will sell cheap if sold at once. Address

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